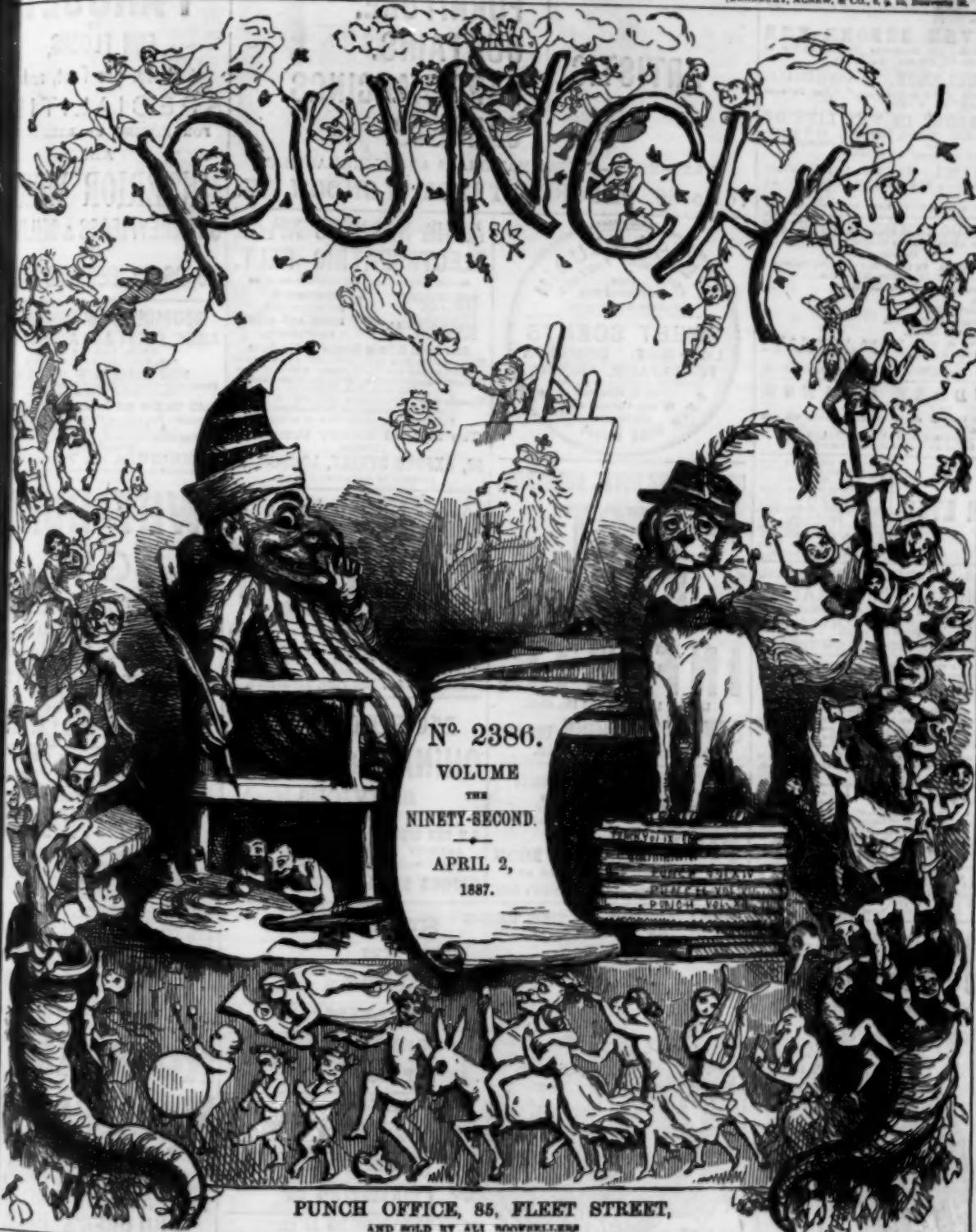


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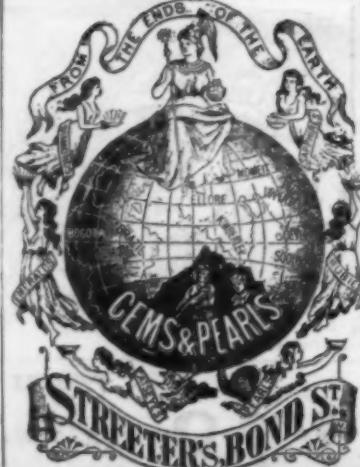
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## IN THE COURT OF COMMON SENSE.

(Trafalgar Square Co. for the Preservation of Peace and Order v. The Rowdy, Ruffian, and Riot Co. Unlimited.)

Mr. PUNCH, sitting as President of the Court of Common Sense, wishes to express his opinion most strongly in favour of steps being taken by the Authorities to prevent those who have no authority whatever from taking certain steps to which they have no exclusive right—namely, those in and round about Trafalgar Square, and occupying them, and not them only, but the roadway and pavement, in such a manner and for such a time as paralyzes traffic, causes danger to life and limb, and, being objectionable from every point of view, is a disgrace to the Noble Site in Europe in particular, and to London generally.

Five thousand leading traders, professional men, and others, carrying on business or residing in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, presented their petition in the cause of order to the House of Commons, and Mr. Punch can assure the Honourable House that, if this matter were relegated to the Court of Common Sense, it would be settled to the satisfaction of everybody, except the party of disorder, within one quarter of an hour, including time to telephone to Lord SALISBURY, the Not-Quite-Yet-at-Home-Secretary, and Sir CHARLES WARREN; also to get a Special Act cut, dried, polished, signed, sealed, delivered, and put in force, and a special wire up to NELSON on his column, to inform him that the Blue Jackets below were prepared to do their duty. The President of the C. C. C. trusts that his recommendation will meet with immediate attention.



## ROMANES AWRY.

[Mr. G. J. ROMANES, lecturing at the Royal Institution on the mental differences between the sexes, accuses woman of the defect, among others, of "not knowing her own mind."]

Not know her own mind? What a scandalous flout! Why a woman's chief charm is, she's never in doubt. Believing, rejecting, or loving or hating, She's always cocksure without pause for debating. It was not a woman invented such trash As Logic or Parliaments; she at a dash Flies straight to conclusions, despising the plan Of step by step premises—leaves them to Man, The stupid slow goose who can't rule without laws, Believe without reason, or hate without cause. No, Mr. ROMANES, you're quite off the track, Lack of certainty is not a feminine lack. Not know her own mind? Our denial is flat; She may know nothing else, but she always knows that!

## DOUBTS

Engendered by a Recent Ethnological Controversy.

Was Sir WALTER SCOTT really a Dutchman?

Did WILLIAM THE CONQUOROR originally live in Whitechapel, and cross the Channel only owing to pecuniary difficulties, eventually returning to fight the battle of Hastings in defiance of his creditors?

Are the present inhabitants of Danes Inn clearly of Scandinavian origin?

Were both CHARLES THE FIRST and OLIVER CROMWELL undeniably Irishmen?

To what nationality does Mr. GLADSTONE really belong? Is he, as he lately gives out, a genuine Bulgarian, or does he come of a good old Cork stock not long settled in Wales?

Does the Emperor of RUSSIA belong, as is said, to a highly respectable family hailing from Camberwell?

Has Mr. BIGGAR something of the Arab about him? Are the members of the Radical Opposition in the House of Commons descended from a race of Cannibals?

And, does Prince HENRY of BATTENBERG consider himself a thorough-bred Scotchman?

## KATERING FOR THE PUBLIC.]

As Miss KATE VAUGHAN is pre-eminently a dancer, dancing the public will have from her whatever else she may wish to do. They'll tolerate her acting if she will only gratify them by taking just a few steps to please them. So KATE the Gracious, KATE the Graceful, not being "curst KATE," accommodates her programme to the taste and fancy of her public. If she plays *Lady Teazle* there's a minuet introduced into *The School for Scandal*, if she plays *Lydia Languish* there's some dance for her in the Pump Room at Bath.

What range of characters may not the Vaughan-ting ambition attempt, if only a dance can be brought in somehow? In the old days of *The School for Scandal* one line in the bill invariably was "Sir Harry (with a song)" by Mr. whoever might be the singer specially engaged for this purpose.

On this plan we venture to suggest the following announcements, which will be gratifying alike to the fair actress and her admiring public:—

## OPERA COMIQUE.

## THE KATE VAUGHAN COMEDY COMPANY.

In active preparation, SHAKESPEARE'S Tragedy of MACBETH.

*Macbeth*. . . . . MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.  
*LADY MACBETH* (with a Highland Fling). MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

Also, in the course of the season, will be presented:—

## HAMLET.

*Hamlet* (Prince of Denmark). . . . . MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.  
*OPHELIA* . . . . . MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

In which character she will dance a *pas de deux*, assisted by Mr. FERNANDEZ as Polonius, and a *pas de fantaisie* in the mad scene. The music specially composed by Herr MEYER LUTZ.

Also in preparation and to be duly announced, SHAKESPEARE'S

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

*BEATRICE* (with several dances of the period) . . . . . MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

And a Grand Revival of

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

When in addition to the old Italian dances at the Capulets' Ball, Miss KATE VAUGHAN, as Juliet, will introduce into the Potion Scene

## AN ENTIRELY NEW DAGGER DANCE.

Perhaps Miss VAUGHAN may try Mrs. Haller in *The Stranger*, Julia in *The Hunchback*, Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*, each with their own characteristic dance. There is literally no end to a répertoire thus refreshed and re-invigorated. "Foot it, KATE!" as the Oxonian, in *Tom and Jerry*, cried out, in one of the "merry moments" of that immortal trio—who are now so out of date, and so utterly forgotten—and may you dance to the best of all tunes, and be sure that there will always be an admiring audience ready and willing to pay your piper.

Cater, KATE, for the public, by giving them the most solid food, but—spice it with plenty of capers. Cater and caper. "KATE, O, thou reasonest well."

## A CHANCE.

WISHING to give the poor dear advertiser every assistance in our power, we reproduce, from *The Manchester Weekly Times*, the following touching appeal:—

TO CHRISTIAN WIDOWERS.—A Nobleman's Widow, of good birth, about 40, no family, left with small income, pleasing, sweet-tempered, cultured, domesticated, fond of children. Desires Settled Home and a high-minded Protestant Husband of 50, or older, seeking domestic happiness with a devoted, loving Christian wife.—Address—

No, we won't give the address, or there'd be such a rush. Besides —ahem!—but no matter.

A PUFF FOR THE CANVAS.—Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge the receipt of some "canvas" note-paper and envelopes from Messrs. WALKER & CO. He had heard of and eaten a canvas-backed duck, but had not yet come across a canvas-backed envelope. As the material, being substantial, cannot be easily seen through, the canvas envelopes will be invaluable for electioneering purposes. Seeing that ink dries on it rapidly, and that writing on it is easy—he is "writing on it" now, and finds the task a simple one—Mr. Punch considers it the very canvas for a good sale.

FIRST Rose Show of the Season—at Drury Lane, May 2. CARL ROSA in full bloom.



## THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"BY THE WAY, YOUR FRIEND O'LEARY DIXED WITH ME LAST NIGHT. WHAT A DULL DOG HE IS!"

"OH, THAT DEPENDS ON WHAT COMPANY HE'S IN!"

## ON THE TOWING-PATH.

(*A Cantabrigian Canto.*)

THE wind is brisk on the flowing tide ;  
Like hammer'd silver the water wide  
Is blown to knops and ridges ;  
The battling sunbeams come and go,  
And the tugs puff up with their frocks in tow,  
And lumbering lighters, heavy and slow,  
Drift, broadside on, through the bridges.

The willows have taken a sunny stain,  
And the underglow of the Spring again  
In amber and brown is peeping ;  
The clouds, sun-broken, are moving free,  
And the rooks caw loud from the leafless tree,  
That shows in its waving tracery  
Where the wonder of leaves is sleeping.

And here they saunter, or stand at gaze,  
Waterside characters, old M.A.'s  
And "Men" of the current fashion ;  
Clerical types of a first-boat crew,  
Nursemaids natty, bedecked with blue,  
Schoolboy truants, and damsels true  
To a vague University passion.

But thought flies back to the "rounding grey,"  
To the fenland flat, and the Autumn day.  
And the path, where the patient gazer  
Sees jogging along at a good round trot  
With vehement shouts to you can't see what,  
And a band of runners all piping hot,  
The Coach in a light-blue blazer.

And then the sullen and sluggish stream  
Is woken by the stroke and lit by the gleam  
Of broad blades strenuous lashing,

And pangs of hope in our hearts we sing,  
Though we soon sail off in a panting string,  
And the boat sweeps on with a lifting swing  
And a certain amount of splashing.

And away goes pounding the old grey horse  
Whose task was more a matter of "course"  
Than any Gee's that has hair on ;  
And back as the tinkling bells recall  
To much-cut Chapel, or heathy Hall,  
Across the river, while shadows fall,  
By the ferry that's kept by Charon.

Year after year unchanging change  
Still finds new talent of equal range  
In reading or cutting capers :  
Still Dons are developed from Undergrads,  
And Lights of Reason from roaring lads,  
And the cranky ones are running their fads  
In Parliament or the papers.

But the boat is coming ; and, dark or light,  
A 'Varsity Eight is a gallant sight,  
No matter how grave we're growing ;  
And dear to the man with an open mind  
In the sporting columns next day to find  
Such opposite praises and blame combined,  
Such various views of rowing.

They write it up, and they write it down,  
And it may or may not excite the town  
Like a war or a Cabinet crisis ;  
But whether the people go or stay,  
No heart is callous on Boat-race Day,  
That ever has seasoned work with play  
Beside the Cam or the Isis.

THE HAPPY MEAN.—Self-complacent Screws.

## ANOTHER ONE.

MR. PHILIPS's *The Dean's Daughter* is not equal to his *As is a Looking Glass*. Neither book is intended for the perusal of "the young person." We couldn't even recommend it conscientiously as a study of character for Miss DOROTHY DENE—*but The Dean's Daughter*, after one of the chief characters has made his untimely exit never to reappear, will scarcely interest the experienced and *blasé* novel-reader.

The author does not consistently sustain the character he has assumed. His quotations from DICKENS and THACKERAY are not at all what such a woman as the *Dean's Daughter* would make. Again, he loves to illustrate a situation with well-worn old stories which, however good they may be, he generally contrives to spoil in the telling. One of these—which it is needless to say we have told so admirably ourselves after dinner, handing it down from our father and grandfather—about the man tying his shoe at Crookford's, Mr. PHILIPS ruins. He casts SHERIDAN for the hero, and takes all the point out of the story by elaboration. We can forgive him for writing a novel without a moral, but for spoiling this dear old story—never! We like Mr. PHILIPS's estimate of Brighton, and his appreciation of eleven o'clock in the morning as an excellent hour for anything.

The Dean himself is a combination of *Pecksniff* and *Eccles* in one ecclesiastical character. On the stage he would be played by MR. JOHN CLAYTON, better as a Dean of Comedy than of Farce. The earlier portion reminded us somewhat of *Nancy*; but it is not equal to that very clever work of Miss BROWNTON's. Its ending is abrupt and artistic according to Mr. Weller's Valentine theory. Perhaps she will be continued in his next, and shown as going on the stage, making a hit, and settling down into a dull and respectable middle age, when her divorced husband, a nonagenarian, will be convinced of her innocence. She will give him his grub, and he will make a will in her favour.

The *blasé* novel-reader especially, will be disappointed, as when reading Mr. PHILIPS's work, he will expect more "fillips" than he will get.

MOONLIGHTER'S FREE TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S "Canticum omnes, intentique ora tenebant"—Rendered thus :—County Kerry men, the whole lot of 'em, taking precious good care to hide their faces.

## AD REGINAM JUBILANTEM.

*Oda in modo Horatii quam ego Tommius feci.*

REGINA ave VIC-TORIA Maxima !  
Præsens hic annus est Jubilum tuum.  
Ut gaudemus nos puelli  
Fac holidas habemus extra.

Disat magister, TOMMIUS est piger ;  
Sed illud omnis est oculus meus ;  
Nam certè contendo quibusdam  
Temporibus operor tremendè.

Exempla queris ? Est aliquis piger,  
Qui vivit omni ludere pertinax  
Ocassione, atque est paratus  
Ceu orce labore præceps.

Si calcitranda est pila meo pede,  
Sum omnis illuc tempore, per Iovem,  
In nullo ; nec moror vocatus  
Ostium due nostro adire.

Haud rectè pigrum Tommiolum potes  
Vocare, versus magnificos videns,  
Quos ipse fecit, nec negabis  
Huic pueru sine fine kudos.

Regina vale ! Sit Jubilum tuum  
Mirandus annus pro pueris, precor:  
Et vestra Majestas videbit,  
Infinitas habebu alaudas.

\* Hoc est verbum pro "wicket" in meo Ainsworth.

A GAME THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER THOUGHT OF PLAYING.—"Tip-Cat."



THE BEST CLUB IN THE WORLD—AS IT OUGHT TO BE FOR AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING.

morning. Government sorely handicapped by inability to put Clôture in operation. The Minority being over forty, requisite that two hundred Members should vote for Clôture. Messengers out in all directions, knocking at doors, pulling bells, and creating wild apprehension in the West-End. At Half-past Two, thrill of genuine emotion ran through Conservative ranks. Shortly after midnight, CHRISTOPHER SYKES had dropped in on his way home from dinner; standing at the Bar in full evening-dress, had scanned the House with that curiously grave inquiring glance peculiar to him. Always expecting that some time House of Commons will suddenly discover how ludicrously odd are its proceedings, and will voluntarily and permanently dissolve. CHRISTOPHER much interested in fulfilment of this expectation. Whenever he passes neighbourhood, makes point of looking in to see if House is still sitting.

"Yes," said he, looking round with slightly-parted lips and troubled glance, "here they are yet, going on talking just as they have been doing any time these twenty years. Mos' extrorney. Can't make it out. But they'll find it out some day, and what a rush to the doors there'll be! Think I'll get off home. Rush might commence now, and me in the doorway."

So walked off, turning as he passed through doorway, to see if at this last moment the crisis had come. House still sitting, Member still talking, and so home to bed.

Two hours later CHRISTOPHER knocked up with the rest, and urgently entreated to come down. More than ever amazing this. House not only sitting from afternoon to midnight, but going it through the livelong night. Felt more dazed than ever. But call of duty imperative; so got out of bed, selected for wear a dull brown suit as being indicative of undesired opinions on the situation, and made his way down to the curiously fascinating abode of mysteries. What a cheer they gave him, when at Half-past Two he was once more discovered in changed costume standing at the Bar and gazing wonderingly round! Never since he brought in the famous Crab and Lobster Bill has he had such an ovation.

On the whole, proceedings not worth getting out of bed to witness. Only one flash of genuine Irish humour varied the monotony of proceedings. Whilst Windbag SEXTON delivering one of an interminable series of harangues, BARRETT rose from the Benches opposite. Wanted opinion of Chairman on point of order. "An Hon. Member opposite," he said, "has promised that if he catches me outside he will black my eyes. Might I?" he continued, as if really anxious to be informed upon the point, "ask if that is in order?"

Chairman acknowledged that it was not. Then up jumped J. O'CONOR, and denied that he had used the words, which no one had attributed to him personally. Tired remainder of Committee woke up to laugh at this charmingly naive disclosure, and thereafter settled down doggedly to see the thing out. At Half-past Three Division showed that the Government had, including CHRISTOPHER SYKES, just 199 supporters. Within the next hour eight more Conservatives had been dragged from their beds, and SMITH moved Closure, which was carried by 207 votes against 54. Hour after hour followed, each drearier than the last. At Eight o'Clock Parnellites discover Chief Secretary absent. Where was he? Must be sent for.

Like wise man, BALFOUR reposing in bed. But Parnellites determined to drag him out. At Ten o'Clock, SEXTON insisted upon knowing how long it takes to wake an Irish Secretary. Fresh dispatch of messengers. BALFOUR, still half asleep, appeared, and was immediately attacked. At twenty minutes past One this afternoon end came, and Members went home, to resume business of a new sitting, two-and-a-half hours later.

*Business done.*—Estimates in Committee of Supply.

*Thursday.*—LOCKWOOD was to have resumed debate to-night on

motion to give precedence to Coercion Bill. Was still speaking yesterday afternoon when debate interrupted by lapse of time. Did very well in brief time; wisely content to rest on laurels. (By the way, does anybody ever rest on laurels?) SINCLAIR, who had preceded him, delivered himself of new theory on Irish affairs. Circumstances, he said, had been created by past injustice, and having existed long time the injustice had become mellowed. LOCKWOOD happily paraphrased this. "Try our justice," he said, "and if you find that doesn't agree with you, try our fine old mellowed injustice." That did very well for a speech as times go. Besides GLADSTONE wanted to speak before dinner to-night. Private Bills and Questions occupied two hours and a half; so LOCKWOOD stood aside, and GLADSTONE speaks in his stead.

Immense reception from Opposition when he appeared at the table. Cheers renewed when, after brief wrestle with coat-tail pocket, produced pomatum-pot and placed it in readiness on table. House knew that that meant business. Spoke for over an hour in the grandest old style, voice serving him admirably. When he sat down it seemed the House had decided debate might as well close here. Fact is it was close upon dinner hour, and nobody with carefully prepared speech inclined to sacrifice it. SPEAKER slowly rose to put the question. Consternation on Opposition Benches, complacency on Conservative. Nothing better for Government than that debate should collapse, and division be forthwith taken. Modesty unusually marked even in Irish camp. No one so aggressive as to present himself with speech. Hear whispered entreaties on various benches. "You get up," "No, you'd better speak," "I think you'd do it better." Seconds flying; crisis approaching. SPEAKER had recited question, and was about to put it. Smile broadened on Conservative Benches.

Then JOSEPH GILLIS came to the front and saved the debate. Quite by accident (as it appeared) he stuck a pin in the fleshy part of CHANCE. In the pained surprise of the moment CHANCE sprang to his feet. "Mr. CHANCE!" cried the SPEAKER, under the impression that his eye had been designedly caught. In these circumstances no help for it, and CHANCE proceeded to deliver his speech, which kept the thing going during the dinner hour. "Quite a happy chance that," JOYCE said, with a twinkle in his eye. At the same time careful to avoid the Hon. Member for rest of sitting.

*Business done.*—Debate on proposal to give precedence to Coercion. *Friday.*—Some good speaking to-night, and important Division pending. But one night's debate seems to satisfy Members now.

Empty Benches through long stretches of the night. Filled up after dinner when HENRY JAMES rose, and made speech for HARTINGTON. Finest touch in address reserved to the last. HARCOEUR was to speak next. Had prepared imposing collection of impromptus. Left manuscript on desk from which JAMES spoke. JAMES, with unvarying air of innocence, having finished his speech, accidentally gathered up a few of HARCOEUR's notes with his. What a hiatus there would presently have been had he succeeded! What a mixing up of jokes, and what broken bridges in argument! But HARCOEUR had his eye on his former colleague; politely, but firmly, called his attention to accident, and rescued his notes. At Half-past One, House divided. Ministerial composite majority reduced to 99. Opposition cheered as if they had carried Amendment. *Business done.*—Precedence for Coercion secured.

*AT THE OLYMPIC.*—Our "Mr. NIBBS, Junior," deposes that "TERRY is as good as ever *In Chancery*. If brevity be the soul of wit, then *My Cousin* ought to be the most *spiritual* piece seen for some time; but it isn't. To put it plainly," says Our Mr. NIBBS, Junior, "*My Cousin* is rather a poor relation."



"Early to Bed" and  
"Or, "Keeping up the Xopher." —March 22.

"Early to Rise!" —March 22.



Balfour in his Place at 4:30 A.M., Tuesday, March 22.



## MR. GOSCHEN'S NURSERY RHYME.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY HER COAT IS SO WARM,  
AND IF I DON'T TAX HER SHE'LL DO ME NO HARM.  
I'LL SIT BY HER SIDE AND ON MILK SHE SHALL SUP,  
AND THEN I SHALL NOT PUT POOR PUSSY'S BACK UP.

## ROBERT WITH THE LORINERS.

I HAD the honnor of assisting the other night at the Grand Bankwet of the Washupool Company of Loriners, and tho' I haven't the least idea what a Loriner means, or what he's supposed to do to git his living, it's a Company as I has a great respect for, becoz they allers masters well and is werry fairly libberal, the Conservatifs to a man.

We had a splendid company! Not only Sir ROBERT FOWLER, M.P., in the Chair, with the LORD MARE and his Diamond Star on his rite, but 2 Aldermen and a Sherryf, and his 2 hunder Sherryfs, and about a dozen Common Counsellmen, and some littery an drammatick gents.

Sir ROBERT—how he must nitely thank his Godfathers and Godmothers for giving him sitch a name—started 'em well with the Loyal Toastes, and the rest kept the ball rolling capitally. Lord General PAGE told us as he come of a fighting race, and was the only Officer left as rode at Her Majesty's Coronation. Mr. PILSTONE, M.P., not satisfied with complementing me by repeating my remark that the Copperashun's ennemys had discovered a Mare's nest with not nothin in it, finished up by saying that the elustrious name of the honorable Chairman (ROBERT) was held in ekal honour both within and outside of Parliment!

Akorse they drank Mr. LABBYSHARE and BRADLOR's health and Mr. FAOTN's two with three times three.

The Chairman said he had bin Master of three Cumpaines, sum rich and sum poor, but whether they was rich like the Salters or poor like the Spectaclemakers, poor fellers! they always had, and they always would keep up the grand old horsepatility of the renowned City of London. So that's a great consolation to us poor Waiters in these raddicle and grumbling times.

Then up stood a reelli fine specimen of a nobel minded Hem. Pea, and he proposed, with all his art and all his mind, the good helth of the Copperashun. Ah, his was summut like a speech his was. Ah, if there was a few more members like Mr. ISAACK, what a much more comfortable and a much more enjoyabler world it would be for Munchaptys and Waiters.

Being up at the West End last week, I wenturist jist to have a look in at the Committee-room in the House of Commons, where the inquiry about the Copperashun is a going on, and the first thort as came across me after I had bin a standing there a little time was this rather remakabul one. I have herd sumwhere that, once upon a time, there was a wundurful Frenchman, who couid tell, by only looking at anybody's face, what their real charakter was, and whether they was reliable or not. I think his name was sumthink in the Lavatory line, so I sposse as he relied a good deal on wash-ing. And I wished as he was alive now, and was in that there Committee-room.

What a deal of truble, too, it would save at trials—no Jewries wouldn't be wanted, so we shood git rid of all that bother; but the Judge woud fix his eye upon the prisoner while the charge was being red, and then say Gilty, or Not Gilty, and then an end.

## THE TWO CHANCELLORS.

(*Vide Mr. GOSCHEN'S Speech at the Mansion House.*)

## I.—AS HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE.

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER discovered seated at desk, in Official Residence in Downing Street. Secretary at another table, reading extracts from morning correspondence aloud. Secretary (doubtfully). Here's a suggestion which doesn't seem so bad.

Chancellor (interrupting). What for? For remitting old tax, or imposing new one?

Secretary. Well, it's for remission.

Chancellor (sternly). How often am I to say that *I won't remit anything*? Do you suppose that I occupy this high position in order to make myself pleasant to the public? My duty, and I may add my pleasure also, is to find out exactly the most generally unpopular and unfair tax that I possibly can, and then to impose it.

Secretary (soothingly). Quite so. I quite understand that. That's an elementary part of the business of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, always.

Chancellor. I should rather think it was.

Secretary. But this seems really not a bad proposal. It's a correspondent who signs herself "Distressed Widow."

Chancellor (with savage scowl). Distressed widow!

Secretary (goes on hastily). And she suggests taking off the seven-and-sixpenny tax on dogs, and transferring it to oats and poultry instead. She says she doesn't keep oats or poultry herself, but she does keep a dog, and as her sleep is a good deal disturbed at night by cats screaming, and cocks crowing—

Chancellor (furiously). Stop! The old idiot has *really* given me a suggestion. Why not raise the tax on dogs to ten shillings, and put one on oats and poultry as well? Is there any way in which I could make myself more financially disagreeable than that?

Secretary. I don't know of any.

Chancellor. Then that's settled. (Laughing.) That'll make the public squirm, if anything will. Now to take the taste of the "Distressed Widow's" ridiculous letter out of my mouth, let me have the returns from the Income-Tax collectors—especially complaints of injustice, unfair and oppressive exactions, and all that sort of thing. Thanks. That'll give me a really delightful morning. I don't think I need keep you any longer.

[Exit SECRETARY. Curtain falls on the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thoroughly enjoying himself.

## II.—AS HE REALLY IS.

The Chancellor (soliloquising). What, more letters, suggesting remission of taxation! (Opens one or two, and takes out pocket-handkerchief.) What a pity I'm so—(sobbing)—so susceptible. I know I oughtn't to be—but I can't help it. Here (breaking down) is another dear old lady, who—is temporarily overcome with emotion) whose dog—(more sobs)—whose little wee dog—

[Bursts into torrent of tears, which Attendants have some difficulty in stopping with aid of sal volatile, smelling-salts, and sharp blows in the small of the back. After a quarter of an hour's interval, reading of morning correspondence is resumed.

The Chancellor (firmly). But no! I will not give way. These tears are womanish. What is the old lady's complaint, after all? (Takes up letter again.) She objects to the Dog Tax. And why? Because, it appears, her *Fido*—(Controls himself with some difficulty, and proceeds)—her *Fido* is old, and lame, and—oh dear me!—half blind, and she has brought him up from a—(takes out handkerchief again)—from a puppy! [Rings bell violently. Enter Attendant.

Attendant. Yessir? Salts, Sir, or more handkerchiefs, Sir? Chancellor. Neither, my good fellow. Here, take this letter to my Secretary. Tell him—(feelingly)—to inquire into the case—to make all inquiries; and, if he finds there really is a dog called *Fido*, and it isn't a nasty savage our that bites everybody, and that ought to have been shot long ago, then, I say—(with intense emotion),—let him assure her, with my compliments,—the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's compliments,—that *Fido* shall never, never, never be taxed any more!

[Flings himself into chair in paroxysm of sympathetic grief. Exit Attendant. Curtain.

## News of Sarah Bernhardt.

She is coming in mid-summer, Is our own dear SARAH B. Than any other mummer, Welcomer is she.	But surely in the Spring-time, She here should be a-playing, For brought here by a MAYER, She ought to come a Maying.
--	--

Mrs. RAM is very particular as to getting names correctly. She says that, directly after Easter, she shall go and see GULLIVER and SILVAN's new Opera with that very extraordinary title.



## WINDOW STUDIES.—A QUIET PIPE.

(IN REMEMBRANCE OF MARCH, 1887.)

## THE OLD HAND.

THE old Stonewall Country! How many times more  
Shall we plunge o'er its uplands and pound o'er its flats?  
Whilst the riders declare the whole business a bore,  
And the nags, could they speak, would cry "Plague on the Pats!"  
Who, with little regard for their bellows or bones,  
Left their country half bogland, and hedged it with stones.

Hark forward? Oh, yes, it is all mighty fine,  
But the cheery old cry sounds like mockery here.  
The business is one in the Sisyphus line,  
And "no forrader" tottles it, year after year;  
For no Spectre Hunt, doomed for ever to run,  
Has so much hard labour with so little fun.

How many a field has been squandered and stuck!  
How many a "flyer" has here come to grief!  
The course has no charm and the rider no luck.  
He's already half-pounded, this black-bearded Chief,  
If looks count for aught; and he now has to face  
The nastiest wall in the nastiest place.

Howe'er the field start, 'tis a destiny drear  
That this nasty one fronts them ere far they have gone.  
All roads lead to Rome, and all races lead here.  
The man who can clear it, or even stick on,  
Is one in a hundred; to live through the shock  
Needs a hand like a feather, a seat like a rock.

Has he got them, our friend with the black-a-visored face?  
That remains to be seen, but one's hopes are not high.  
Here so many a crack finds he's out of the race,  
With his back in the bog and his face to the sky.  
He here came a cropper, Old Hand though he be,  
Who stands by looking eager the issue to see.

He is not in this race, he seems "out of the hunt,"  
But full many a time he has led a fair field;  
Of pace and of peril he bore the full brunt,  
Always anxious to start, never willing to yield.  
But the Old Hand's last spill was a smasher no end,  
And now he looks on, as a dashed candid friend.

Oh! awfully candid, chock-full of good-will.  
His heart would, of course, thrill with earnest regret  
If the latest New Hand should here meet with a spill.

A real "rough-rider" has not tried it yet;  
This one claims to be good at the "resolute" style,  
And the Old 'un awaits the result with a smile.

"Nasty place!" mutters he. "Know it only too well.  
I hope you may like it. You chaffed me of old;  
What d'ye think of it now, my magnificent swell,  
Whose talk, when you're not in the pigskin, 's so bold?  
Whew! he's fair on the slope, he's slap on that wall,—  
I trust he will clear it. I hope he won't fall!"

## LUBBOCK'S NATIONAL RACE DICTIONARY.

(Specimen Extracts.)

SMITHS. A Scottish family that originally lived in Ireland, when it was known as England. After settling in Sweden, they came back to the country of their birth, and subsequently took up their quarters in North Britain.

STUARTS. An Irish family of English origin, originally settled in Normandy, from whence they came to Wales. This race is popularly but improperly considered to belong to the land lying to the North of the Tweed. Many of the Kings of England were exclusively Scotch until, in the time of JAMES THE FIRST, they became, by the amalgamation of the two crowns, Irish.

SULLIVANS. An English family living in North Britain before Scotland became Ireland. The members of this ancient race are celebrated for the purity of their Anglo-Saxon accent; and, so strong is their sense of nationality, that even when they are born in Ireland for centuries, they still remain British by birth.

A SCRIBE ON SCRIBNER.—*Scribner's* for April is a right good number. Everyone will thoroughly enjoy the first instalment of *Thackeray's Letters*. They are all addressed to the Rev. W. H. BROOKFIELD and Mrs. BROOKFIELD, and commence even before *Vanity Fair* was brought out, and *Titmarsh* became famous. The curiously neat handwriting is occasionally given in fac-simile, and the letters are illustrated by views and reproductions of the writer's sketches. The Scribnerian venture improves as it progresses; the *Thackeray Letters* alone are well worth the price of the number.



“THE OLD HAND.”

“AH! IT'S A NASTY PLACE! I REMEMBER IT WELL! SHOULDNT I LIKE TO MAKE IT NASTIER FOR HIM! OH NO, NOT AT ALL!”

— "KODAK SAFETY FILM"

THE KODAK SAFETY FILM IS A SAFETY FILM WHICH IS EXPOSED AND DEVELOPED IN THE KODAK SAFETY FILM PROCESS. IT IS A SAFETY FILM WHICH IS EXPOSED AND DEVELOPED IN THE KODAK SAFETY FILM PROCESS.

## MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

## V.—THE MAN WITH THE HUMP.

(Being the Sequel of "The Wideawake Beauty.")

You have heard how the Wideawake Beauty was born, and how the Fairy predicted, to the grief of all, that she would marry a Man with a Hump.

Now, you must also learn that a Scotch Fairy, who was in attendance when the Princess saw the light, had, with the best intentions, presented her with a most fatal gift.

"My child," she said, "you shall never see a joke, and shall be perfectly without any sense of humour."

The father and mother of the Princess thought little enough of this, at the time, because they were occupied with lamenting the destiny which was to unite their daughter to a Man with a Hump.

About this date a neighbouring Queen had a little son, who wore a hump upon his

back, and was besides so far from beautiful, that it was for some time doubted whether he had the form of a human creature. A fairy, however, who was in attendance as usual, assured his parents that notwithstanding his want of beauty, he would make himself agreeable to everybody on account of his great wit and talents. She added that this was not all, for that she had also bestowed on him the power of endowing the person he should love best in the world with the very same qualities.

This was a great consolation to his mother, and no sooner did he begin to talk, than he said the funniest things in such a manner that every one adored him.

Meanwhile, the Wideawake Princess, though in other matters exceedingly acute, was the despair of all who enjoyed a joke. She never saw what there was to laugh at, and in the gravest manner, would discuss, and disprove, any little harmless piece of nonsense or fun that came to her ears. In vain were the best Masters chosen for her, one by one they withdrew in despair. The Princess, as she grew up, attracted all by her loveliness, and her advice was sought on the very gravest matters, but only then. The nobles of the Court, afraid of sitting at dinner next a Princess who had never seen a joke, began to travel into distant countries, leaving their estates and domestic concerns. The Princess even argued that there were no jokes, just as she believed that there were no ghosts, because, she said, she had never seen either the one or the other. Meanwhile the Court became so mournful and deserted, that even the Princess (who was extremely sensible, too much so in fact,) felt the gloom.

Often she would wander alone, in haunted places of the forest, wringing her hands, and exclaiming, "Ah, if I could, were it only once, see a joke, even if it were no bigger than my thumb. Ah, I would willingly marry the man who enabled me to see one joke."

While she thus wept at her ease over her hard fate, she perceived a young man of short stature, and with a hump, approaching her; he was at the same time very handsomely dressed. This was no other than the Prince of whom you have heard, but whose name, at this stage in the history, it is forbidden to pronounce. The Prince had fallen violently in love with the Princess, from the portraits he had everywhere seen of her, and he was delighted at so unlooked-for an opportunity of meeting her alone.

Observing, after the first compliments were over, that she appeared very melancholy, he said, "I cannot imagine, Madam, how it is possible for a lady of such beauty as yours to be so unhappy as you appear; for, though I can boast of having seen many handsome ladies, I assure you that none can be compared to you. One who is so lovely should be insensible to every misfortune."

"I had much rather," said the Princess, "be as ugly as you are, and possessed of wit, than be the beauty you praise, and never see a joke."

"Note for 'Things one would rather not have said,'" mured the Princess, adding, "if that is all, Madam, I can make you perfectly happy."

"By what means?" said the Princess.

"I have the power," said the Prince, "to bestow the gift, not only of seeing, but of making jokes, on the person I am to love best in the world, and as that person, Madam, can only be yourself, it depends on your own will to be the wittiest lady on earth. Will you not buy this gift with the priceless treasure of your hand?"

Said the Princess, who was very wideawake, "I have vowed to marry any man who can make me see a joke. But, before doing aught that can never be recalled, I must ask you to give an example of your power."

"Madam," said the Prince, "your beautiful Christian name is—?"

"JUDY," answered the Princess.

"If, therefore, you are enabled not only to appreciate, but to utter a pleasantry, it would be a — come now, think," said the Prince, putting forth all his magic power.

"A jeu d'esprit!" cried the Princess, shrieking with delighted laughter, and clapping her hands. "Oh, I have seen a joke! How delicious it is."

"By no means bad for a beginner," said the Prince, and the Princess hurried to rejoice with her friends, and present to them the object of her choice. His nose, which had at first appeared to her somewhat exaggerated, now looked merely aquiline, and gave him a martial and heroic air; his hump was no more than the easy carriage in which men of quality indulge themselves. Her parents were far too happy to be critical, and thus the Princess JUDY married Prince PUNCH, and their offspring was MIRTH.

*Moral.—Never say die!*

## GETTING IT PAT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE been very much struck by your remark in your last number, that twenty years ago the most anti-British speeches in the Hibernian Dramas of the period were received at the hands of a London audience with the greatest enthusiasm. And they would again, Sir! I have long had by me on my book-shelves a new Irish play annotated with the effects in the auditorium I know would be produced by the situations and sentiments. Asking you to allow me to give you a sample (see below), I remain, Dear Mr. Punch,

O'PHALIER SHAKESPULLION.

Scene VI.—*A Court of Law. Father Tim in custody. Enter O'YARDES the Postman.*

O'Yardes. Whist now! What are ye affter? Is it meself that sees Father Tim in the claws of the Perlics! Like a beautiful sunset spoilt by two bad haporths of sticking-plaster! [Laugh.]

Father Tim. Lave it alone, me boy. Ye mane well, but ye cannot help me!

The Colleen Aroon. Oh, Father, it's cruel to say ye in suffering!

The Judge (*sternly to Prisoner*). Once more, Sir! Will you tell me if you ever noticed a haystack at PAT O'ROOKY's cottage before his goods were seized in execution? The law forces you to answer.

Father Tim (*very quietly*). I should like to see the law that would make me answer a question that was protected by my cassock!

[Thunder of applause from all parts of the House.] The Judge (*awe-stricken but severe*). I do not follow you, but painful as my duty may be, I must do it—you will stay in gaol for a couple of months!

Father Tim. Ah, thin, bedad, I shall get my lodging for nothing! [Sensation amongst the audience.] (Roars of Laughter.) But whist, bhoys, sing me the "Wearing of the Green."

O'Yardes. And if thatould spalpeen of a Judge interferes, why, gag him with his own wig.

[Renewed laughter in the Stalls and Boxes. The "Wearing of the Green" is then sung, amidst overwhelming enthusiasm, the last verse being encored five times.]

The Judge. This really is very irregular.

Enter Chief Secretary, suddenly.

Chief Secretary. Not so. (To Judge.) My Lord, you are unfrocked, disbarred (great applause), and have no longer a seat on the Bench. (Renewed cheering from a British audience.) As for all the rest of you, all you have to do is to marry the girls of your hearts. And now three cheers for Home Rule; or, Right Mightier than Wrong (title of piece—and great cheering).

[The Audience join in the shouts, and the Curtain falls amidst a scene of absolutely indescribable enthusiasm.]

P.S. No. 1.—That's the sort of thing! We might make a pot of money out of London, the Provinces, and Colonies, and perhaps do even a stroke of good business in the poor old country itself!

P.S. No. 2.—Think of that now!

There is a blessing on Peacemakers—is there one on Playwrights?





"FOR THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING."

*Principal (who had made sure of it this time). "DID 'FYLEM AND WAYTERSIT' SEEM PUT OUT AT MY SENDING IN THE ACCOUNT AGAIN?"*

*Now Clerk. "OH DEAR NO, SIR. MOST PERLITE THEY WERE, SIR. SAID THEY 'OPED I'D CALL AGAIN, SIR!"*

ALL IN THE WRONG.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I have read with astonishment and indignation several papers in *Punch*, intended, apparently, to cast discredit on that truly noble institution—the London School Board. I can find no language sufficiently strong to condemn the folly and the wickedness of this attempt. Considering all that the School Board has done, is doing, and will do in the future, it almost makes one despair of the cause of progress and humanity. And this is more especially the case as the School Board just at the present time has taken a new and a very startling "departure." Whatever may have been its shortcomings in times past, it is now resolutely prepared to amend them.

On the 17th of the present month (which happened to be Saint Patrick's Day) it was unanimously resolved:—

"That a Special Committee be appointed to consider the present subjects and modes of instruction in the Board Schools, and to report whether such changes can be made as shall secure that children leaving school shall be more fitted than they now are to perform the duties and work of life before them."

The mover of this most wise and just resolution, was of opinion that the children should work with their brains in the morning and with their hands at night, that is to say, English grammar and algebra in the morning, and cabinet-making or cookery at night. Another speaker said:—

"It could not but be felt that the public elementary education had not given the country all that was wanted, for the boys educated in public elementary schools, *scorned all handicraft work*, and wanted to be clerks, while the girls in like manner *shunned all domestic service*."

The motion was agreed to without a dissentient voice.

Are not the members of the School Board, one and all, to be congratulated on the discovery they have now made? Your cantankerous contributors may possibly say they have been a long time about it. But Rome was not built in a day; and if, after sixteen years' experience, the School Board are unanimously

of opinion that they are on the wrong tack, what can be wiser and nobler than to confess their error? How many years it may take them to get on the right tack is utterly immaterial. What is sixteen years, or twice sixteen years, in the life of a nation? The School Board, at all events, have learned much, although they tell us that hitherto they have taught little to the purpose.

I still notwithstanding have unbounded confidence in, and veneration for the School Board. In the discovery of an unpalatable truth, it is true that they have spent a few millions. But can truth be too dearly bought? I say emphatically, no. The School Board is now about to turn over a new leaf, and I shall wait with patience but with confidence for the result. I remain, Dear Mr. *Punch*, your Constant Reader,

AN INDIGNANT RATEPAYER.

TO SYDENHAM.

(*A Well-wisher's Ode of Advice.*)

O FAIR Sydenham, is then thy glory,  
Thy Science, thy popular Art,  
Just about, like some mythical story,  
To fade on our lips and depart!

Must thou, then, after all thine adventures,  
Confess that the struggle is o'er,  
Since the holders of unpaid debentures  
Will wait for their money no more!  
Can it be that they so under-rate thee,  
And watch without shedding a tear,  
The dread doom that they know must await thee,  
When steps in the stern auctioneer.

And yet over the tale I should stammer,  
For the thing too cruel would seem,  
Should I witness thee brought to the hammer  
'Twould be like some horrible dream!

Of thy fortunes a precious reviver,  
Were things, ah! to go with thee hard!  
Thy big organ bought in for a fiver,  
Thy roof sold at so much a yard.

Then imagine thy Courts rent and shattered,  
Thy greenery no longer fair;  
Thy famed Kings and Queens, too, all scattered,  
Knocked down, say, at thruppence a pair

See thy quaint Aboriginal races  
Subserving a new style of Art,  
Now adorning, in clothes, with their graces  
Some famed East-End tailoring mart!

All thy triumphs of painter and gilder  
Disposed of for what they can fetch;  
Thy site in the hands of the builder!  
Oh! perish the harrowing sketch!

So, arouse thee! The prospect before thee  
Is surely inviting and clear.  
Let a spirited programme restore thee  
Thy fortunes, this Jubilee Year.

For South Kensington no more competing  
Treats thee, her old rival, with scorn.  
So do thou, all her tactics repeating,  
Set up for thyself thy Cremorne.

Quick, install the required apparatus,  
Light up every terrace and glade.  
Do thy best. Entertain us and fete us,  
Thy efforts will soon be repaid.

It mayn't be the precise recreation  
That once thou didst dream to provide,  
But *Cremorning* suits this generation.  
And borne on the stream thou must glide.

So, wake up! To the wheel put thy shoulder,  
And commence but thyself the attack,  
Thou 'll soon tell the debenture stock holder,  
Of dividends he'll find no lack.

So, fair Sydenham, see thy lights kindled,  
Thy music set up; thou 'll soon pay,  
And thy takings, that once had so dwindled,  
Scare all jerry-builders away.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE LINCOLN HANDICAP.—"My Oberon!"

## THE BRUMMAGEM OLYMPIANS.



WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE OF "JOE AND JESSE" AT BIRMINGHAM, IN THE PRESENCE OF HER MAJESTY, WHO IS SAID TO HAVE ENJOYED THEIR ENTERTAINMENT EVEN MORE THAN THAT OF "JOCK AND JENNY" AT OLYMPIA. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23.

**Mem. by a Midlander.**

VICTORIA, in the mighty Midland town,  
Found nought the tide of loyalty to stem.  
One of the brightest gems in England's Crown,  
She, after all, may find a Brummagem.

**THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY RETURNING.**—  
There's to be a Jubilee Tournament at Olympia. Already the Men in Armour who figure so bravely on Lord Mayor's Day have sent in their gauntlets as a token of their willingness to do combat for the Queen of Beauty. Who is to be the Queen of Beauty? How

will this be decided? By Ballot? Rowena is already considering her costume, and Isaac of York, now residing within call of the principal London Theatres, is furbishing up his best second-hand King Johns and 'ENRIES.

**A Flat Contradiction.**  
(AIR—"Merrily Danced.")

LORD ALCESTER steps  
Up to M. LINSEPS,  
"Don't mention this z. s. d. more.  
Retract what you've said.  
That cheque wasn't paid,  
By Beach-em-and-don't-go-to-Sea-more."

**Knighthood at Birmingham.**  
(AIR—"All my eye and Betty Martin O!")

We thought perhaps he might  
Be made a Barownight,  
But this we couldn't calculate for sartin O!  
And now a Knight he be;  
So here's, with three times three,  
For our gallant Mayor Sir Alderman T. MARTIN EAU!

**A CONSERVATIVE OPINION.**—"The Round Table Conference" is an illustration of arguing in a circle. No end to it.

## STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXIII.—“SNAPPY SOMERS.”

He was called SNAPPY for two reasons, firstly because, whether in the hunting-field or “on the sweet shady side of Pall Mall,” he was always so faultlessly neat in his “get up;” and secondly, because his temper was so perfectly imperturbable. Men often acquire these nicknames in sheer irony, and one of the most irascible gentlemen in the West of Ireland, in the days when they “blazed,” was well-known by the sobriquet of Milky Going. His most malignant enemy could not accuse SNAPPY of being snappish in disposition, indeed it was recorded of him, that upon one occasion at a cricket-match, he chanced to tread upon a dog, and instead of the usual formula of “Get out, you brute!” which is wont to escape our lips at such mischance, SNAPPY simply exclaimed, “I beg your pardon.” But for all his quiet manner Mr. SOMERS was pretty good all round. He did in his own vernacular most things a little, but then his little happened to be better than most men’s a good deal. Mr. SOMERS, for instance, rarely said much about his exploits with the trigger; but if you happened to meet him at a country house cover-shooting, you would find that the head-keeper placed him where “the rocketers” came highest and fastest, and, if you had leisure to observe his performance, would notice that there were few birds sailed over his head that were not satisfactorily accounted for.

About his hunting achievements he was similarly reticent. Some one of his friends when a frost stopped the fun and sent hunting-men up to town, would exclaim:—

“I say, SNAPPY, you’d a real good thing with the Quorn, the other day, hadn’t you? Were you out?”

“Yes, nice gallop;” but he would not mention that he had “set the field,” and had the hounds to himself for about a quarter of an hour.

A neat, slight, fair-haired little man, with quiet manner and low-toned voice, one would hardly suspect him of being one of the boldest riders that ever crossed a country, and most assuredly you were not likely to gather it from his own lips, and yet he was a steeple-chase jockey of some celebrity. SNAPPY SOMERS perhaps rode more queer-tempered horses in the course of the year than any gentleman rider in the country. His patience and determination were invaluable on animals of this description.

“Glad you won your money,” was his reply to an enthusiastic follower, who had supported him successfully at Sandown. “You’re rather lucky, for I nearly made a mess of it. I should never have let GINGER MORRIS get so near me at the finish, if I had known it.”

“Pooh! what did that matter?” rejoined the other.

“Matter!” replied SOMERS. “*He can ride my head off!*”

He is to be seen on every race-course in the racing season, but is more given to frequent the paddock than the lawn. He is never seen in the betting-ring, and is not given to air either his opinions or speculations on coming events, and yet he is a man who is constantly in possession of very accurate information. Ask him what is to win, say the Derby, and he will tell you that he is no good at conundrums, but if pressed by his intimates, will admit that he has heard Macaroon, it is thought by those connected with him, will run well, and further cross-examination by the privileged, may elicit the fact that he has thrown away a pony upon it himself. One of his chums is wont to say—“I’d rather follow one of SNAPPY’s ‘thrown away ponies’ than another Johnnie’s certainty.”

He is usually up in town more or less all the season, though the exigencies of racing call him away for a few days pretty frequently; is much given to attending the meets of the Four-in-hand and Coaching Clubs, where every one seems to know him, and he is very often to be seen on the top of one of the drags. His friends are wont to make much of him and he is a pretty constant diner-out, though a most abstemious one, but he eschews crushes and never sets foot in a ball-room. Next to being at the head of the first flight when hounds are flying, his chief delight is “screwing home an outsider” at Sandown or Kempton Park; still there is not a trace of horseyness



in his ordinary attire, and, judging by his usual conversation, he knows no more about turf matters than a Bishop. His racing get-up is the perfection of dandyism, indeed his friends go so far as to say that “SNAPPY don’t care what sort of a brute he rides, but that he can’t stand an ugly jacket.” “Rather too pretty to be a workman” said the sporting fraternity, when he made his first appearance, “between the Flags;” but they speedily changed their opinion, and whatever Mr. SOMERS’ mount may be, it is always regarded with a certain amount of respect.

Still, for all his imperturbable temper, SNAPPY SOMERS could administer a quiet rebuke to pushing people, when they at times took the liberty of asking him whether he “fancied his chance” without any acquaintance to warrant the question.

“The state of the betting,” he replied, on one of these occasions, “would best indicate my prospects; as for myself, I have not as yet set up as a prophet.”

SOMERS, perhaps, gets as much fun out of life as most men. He is not rich, and he has doubtless one or two extravagant tastes. Neither hunting nor racing are the amusements of a poor man; but, a light weight and a fine horseman, he gets the riding of a good many other men’s horses, which helps out his own rather limited stud, and gives him the command of quite double the hunters he actually owns.

Racing the same; by dint of a shrewd head and the assistance of some valuable hints from his numerous turf friends, owners, trainers, &c., he manages to about pay his expenses every year, and so have his fun for nothing, while he always vows that though he does not so much as own a flower-pot, thanks to his friends, he enjoys as good shooting as any man in England. This, though, is due in part to himself. *He can shoot.*

He is a quiet, somewhat taciturn man, and this may be one cause of his popularity. It is astonishing how appreciated a good listener is by those whose tongues are oiled. SNAPPY is not given to those histories which some men dedicate their declining years to retailing. He has only one story, which it seems incumbent on him to tell at stated intervals.

“Some fellows are always in rows,” he will observe. “I can’t conceive how they manage it. Never got into rows myself, never got into one but once, that though, was a scorch. How was it? Well, it’s a good many years ago now, ‘twas down at Derby races, and after dinner I strolled into the suburbs with a pal, to smoke a cigar and get a little fresh air. Suddenly two or three fellows passed us, one of whom jostled against me, and knocked my hat off. In my politest way I requested him to pick it up, he replied by a loud guffaw, I rejoined that if he didn’t pick it up, I’d make him. There was an immediate cry from his friends of ‘A ring! a ring!’ and my opponent, taking off his coat, said he’d like to see me do it.”

“Well, I rather fancied myself with my hands at that time. I’d been taking lessons in town, and thought I should rather astonish the yokel. He was much about my own size, and we at once set to in the summer moonlight. I pretty soon discovered I’d caught a tartar, and though I certainly had pasted him a bit, I was getting most terribly knocked about myself. After four rounds I began to think of following out the advice contained in one of WHITING MELVILLE’S stories, and tell my backer to give my opponent’s second a sovereign to take his principal away. All at once a gentleman came out of the crowd, and said, ‘I beg your pardon, Sir, but your friend is not worth a cent as a second; if you’ll let me act for you, you’ll thrash that chap yet.’

“Well,” I replied, “I’ll go on, if you think so; but my impression is, I’ve had about enough.”

“Not a bit of it. He’s nearer done than you are. Let me look after you, and you’ll beat him yet.”

“And you licked him!” usually exclaims his auditor at this crisis.

“Not exactly,” will rejoin SNAPPY. “I was licked, but he gave in.” It turned out afterwards that he was a professional pugilist come down there to train.

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COINCIDENCES.

One now and then sees.

As with that hero

Squire PINERO.

Was P. M. G.

“Going for” She,

As plagiarised,

Wrongly advised?

In laying stress

On poem in Jess?

Was RIDER HAGGARD

Very much staggered?

Will he reply,

Telling us “why”?

Or deem it best

To let it rest?

P’raps, as no talker,

RIDER says “Walker!”

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4 kinds of horrid cleaning stuff  
I've used, and still I've not enough  
5 hours each day, on wall and floor  
I've worked until I'm sick and sore  
6 years of service I've seen, Kate  
The other maiden then did speak  
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